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A PIONEER FAMILY OF THE WEST

BY

ASA APPLETON ABBOTT
SENIOR CANON OF TRINITY CATHEDRAL
CLEVELAND, OHIO

Abbott Family



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CLEVELAND, O.

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ASA APPLETON ABBOTT

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To

My Father and Mother

Pioneers, Home-Makers

Christians

This Volume is Affectionately Dedicated

Agony Book Store - \$7.50

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A Final Word

A FOREWORD

THE FAMILY of which this small volume is an historical sketch is perhaps one of the largest in America.

My father and mother were married in July, 1838, my father in his eighteenth and my mother in her seventeenth year. My father died in June, 1896, in his seventy-sixth year, my mother in October, 1921, in her hundredth year.

There were sixteen children and seventy-three grandchildren, the last of whom was born in March, 1916. At the time of my mother's death there were one hundred and sixty-nine great-grandchildren, ninety-eight great-great-grandchildren, and one great-great-great-grandchild, making six generations, and a total of three hundred and fifty-seven persons direct descendants from my father and mother.

All were born within the lifetime of my mother, and about three hundred were living at the time of her death. All of these three hundred and fifty-seven persons were born west of the Mississippi River, and with the exception of the writer, no one of them has ever lived east of the Father of Waters.

Dispersed now, over the vast territory of the Mid-West and Far-West, residents of some fifteen different States, they are, with the exception of groups here and there, almost entirely unacquainted with one another.

Only to the family and immediate friends will this sketch be of any special interest, but if it shall draw those of us still living, into closer fellowship, make us better acquainted, and promote in each a wholesome

and becoming family pride and an ambition to emulate all that is best in our ancestry, I shall be amply rewarded for the time and thought given to this history.

The gathering of data in hours taken from a busy life has extended over many years, and to all who in any way have aided me in this effort I hereby express my warmest gratitude and appreciation.

I desire to make special mention of the aid rendered me by my wife, Mrs. Isabel Kedney Abbott, in the final preparation of the manuscript for the publishers. Her experience in similar work on several of her father's books has made her assistance invaluable to me.

*Asa Appleton Abbott,
Cleveland, Ohio, 1926.*

CHAPTER I

THE ABBOTT ANCESTRY

FURTHER back than my great-grandfather Abbott, I know nothing of that branch of the family from which ours descended, and I know nothing of him save that he was of English descent, that he settled in Massachusetts, married Dorothy Stiles, by whom he had, so it would seem, two sons, one of whom, Josiah, born about 1790, was my grandfather. His father died in his childhood. He remembered that he was not tall enough to look upon his father's face as he lay in the casket, and had to be lifted up for that purpose.

My grandfather was indentured, that is bound out to learn a trade, in his case that of a tanner, which as a rule included shoe-making, but being of an independent and self-reliant nature, which disposition he carried into manhood, and disliking his employer, he soon departed and joined his mother, then living supposedly at Jaffrey, New Hampshire. From that time, to her death, 1820, my grandfather was his mother's sole support.

We next hear of them living in Warrensville, an unorganized township in Cuyahoga County, now a rich and beautiful suburb of Cleveland, Ohio. Here they purchased land and built a home.

The record of deeds of Cuyahoga County shows that on December 22d, 1814, Josiah Abbott purchased from Simon Kendall and John Leavitt, for \$180.00, eighty acres, in Township 2, Range II, being one half of lot No. fifty-four. This land, now within the limits of Greater Cleveland, lies east of Lee Road and south of Kinsman Road.

Thirteen years later, grandfather conveyed to Church Carver, for \$150.00, thirty acres of this land, and in 1832, to Milo Gleason, for \$400.00, the rest of the original purchase.

Warrensville Township was organized in my grandfather's house, on November 17th, 1816, and he was made its first treasurer, not an arduous undertaking, for the total township income tax for 1819 was only \$12.50.

Here Dorothy Stiles Abbott died about 1820, and is said to have been buried in the West Cemetery, at the junction of what is now Lee Road and South Moreland Boulevard. But if so, her grave is unmarked, and cannot now be located.

As to the date of my grandfather's coming to Warrensville, I have no information further than that it was before the war of 1812. It is on record in Cleveland that he was a private soldier in that war, in the company of Captain Allen Gaylord of Cleveland.

For his limited opportunities, and the times in which he lived, grandfather was fairly well educated. It is said that he taught school in Warrensville.

I knew him well in my youth, and am in possession of several of his personal letters, in which the spelling, grammar and vocabulary, are good, with here and there touches of subtle humor.

He was a high minded man, devoted to his family, of the strictest integrity, but of restless and roving disposition, never sticking long to any one thing or place. In matters of religion, he also loved to browse about. In 1822, the North Union Society of Shakers established themselves in Warrensville, on what is now Shaker Heights, an exclusive residential district of Cleveland. Very much against the wishes of my grandmother, grandfather joined this strange sect. One of the rules of the Shakers required husbands and wives to live apart. Two years of that experience sufficed. He then left the Shakers, and returned to normal life and homekeeping.

In my search for data, I received from my cousin, Isaac C. Abbott, of Harrington, State of Washington, an old account book, covering sixteen years of grandfather's business transactions, from 1830 to 1834, in Cleveland, and from 1834 to 1846, in Missouri. While the form of bookkeeping could be improved, it is simple and easily understood.

But by far the most interesting feature of this old account book, is its witness to grandfather's resourcefulness. He was a tanner, shoemaker, carpenter, cabinet maker, farmer and merchant, in each of which employments he engaged to some extent in Ohio, and in the half-dozen different places in which he afterwards lived in Missouri. He was always fairly prosperous, laid up little money, but had sufficient to support his family in reasonable comfort.

CHAPTER II

THE HOLLISTER ANCESTRY

MY grandmother Abbott was Anna Hollister, born in Bolton, Connecticut, October 25th, 1799. In the history of the Hollisters by Lafayette Wallace Case, M. D., published in 1886, we are told that the American branch to which my grandmother belonged descended from one John Hollister, born in England in 1616, who came to America in 1664, and located in Weathersfield, Connecticut. He married Joanna Treat, daughter of Honorable Richard Treat, Sr., and died in Weathersfield.

My grandmother was of the seventh generation in direct descent from this John Hollister. Her father, Appleton Hollister, for whom the writer is named, was born in Bolton, Connecticut, the son of Charles and Charity Wadams Hollister. In his youth Appleton Hollister was apprenticed to John Carver to learn the trade of a tanner, and his subsequent course in life gave ample testimony to his fondness for the Carvers. He was thrice married, each of his wives being a Carver. The first and third were sisters, and the second a cousin of the other two. The first, Sarah, whom he married in 1777, died in 1802. By her he had ten children, the eighth being my grandmother, Anna Hollister.

The first child of this marriage was Sarah, who married Ansel Young of Tolland, Connecticut. In 1817 they came to Ohio, and settled in Warrensville. Later they moved to what is now the corner of Wade Park and Ansel Road, and erected the first house on the lot on which now stands the home of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Patterson.

Ansel Road, originally Ansel Street, was named for Ansel Young, who was a tanner and fuller, and had a factory on Doan Brook.

Soon after I came to Ohio in 1895, I called on two of Ansel Young's daughters, nieces of my grandmother's, living on Ansel Road near Wade Park Ave., Miss Minerva Young, in her eighty-third year, and Mrs. Thankful Blackwell, in her eightieth year. Both of these quaint, gentle old ladies, of a distinctively Puritan type, died in 1901. They fully remembered my father, and narrated many of his youthful pranks.

From the history of the pioneer families of Cleveland, in the Western Reserve Historical Society, I obtained much material used in this history. Here reference is made to Mrs. Ansel Young, in whom I recognized special characteristics of her younger sister, my grandmother. "Mrs. Young," the narrative goes on to say, "was a short plump woman, very even tempered, never know to scold, or say an unkind word of the absent."

The same account states that she was a direct descendant of John Carver, First Governor of Mass., who came over in the Mayflower, but this is doubtful, as many authorities insist that John Carver had no children.

Appleton Hollister's second wife was Lucina

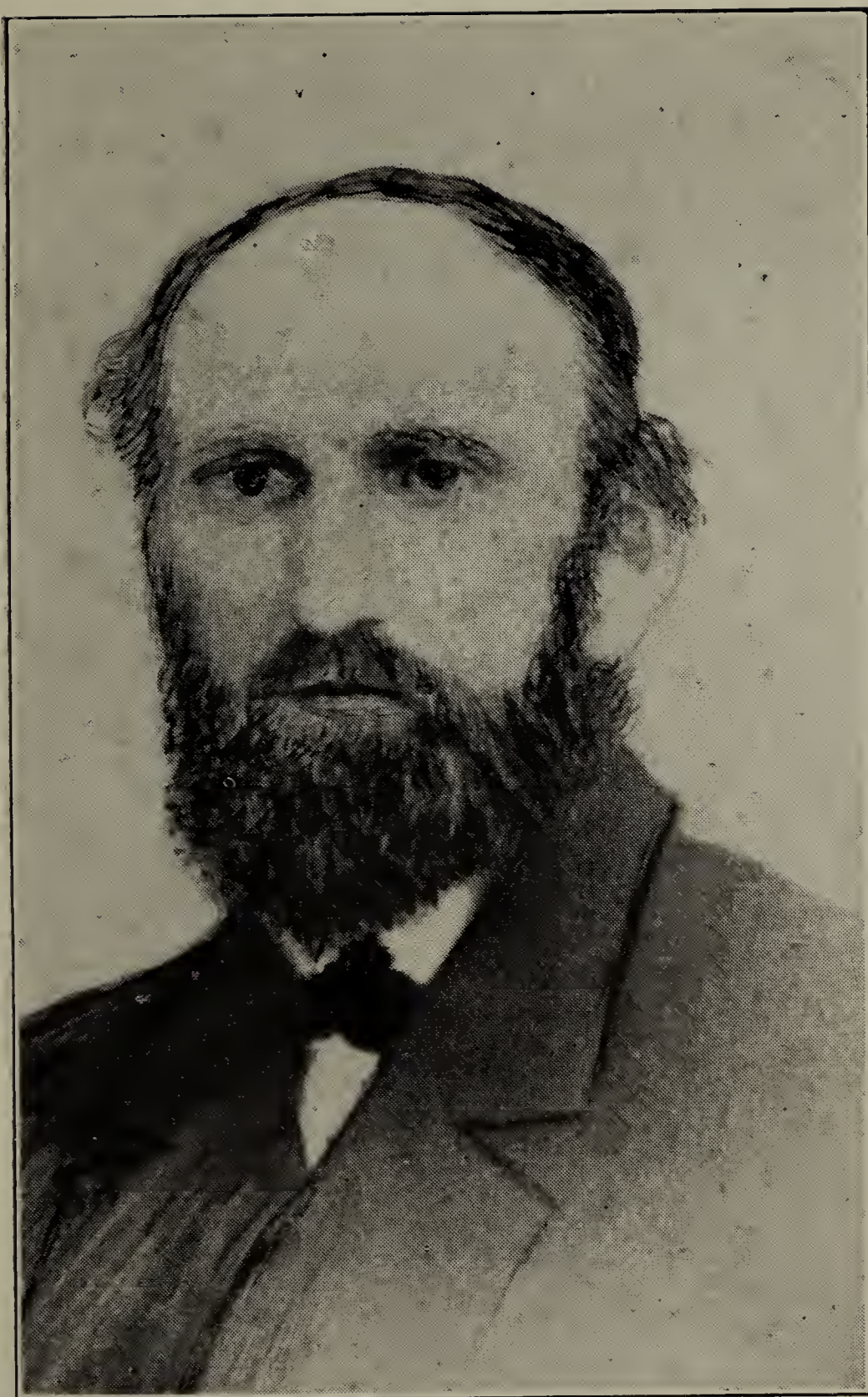
Carver, who died in 1807, by whom he had two children. Two granddaughters of this marriage, Mrs. Mary Ransom Lane, and Mrs. Philura Ransom Gleeson, were born in Warrensville. Mrs. Lane lives at Wakeman, Ohio. Mrs. Gleeson, of Bedford, Ohio, recently passed away. Gentle, cheerful and poised ladies of the old school, they brought back to me vivid memories of my own grandmother Anna Hollister Abbott, their aunt.

The third wife, Anna Carver, was the mother of four children. Two sons, Samuel and Hubbard, lived in Cleveland. Samuel, a farmer, later moved to Fairfield, Iowa, while Hubbard, for whom my brother, Hubbard Hollister, was named, remained, a wagon maker in Newburg, now a suburb of Cleveland.

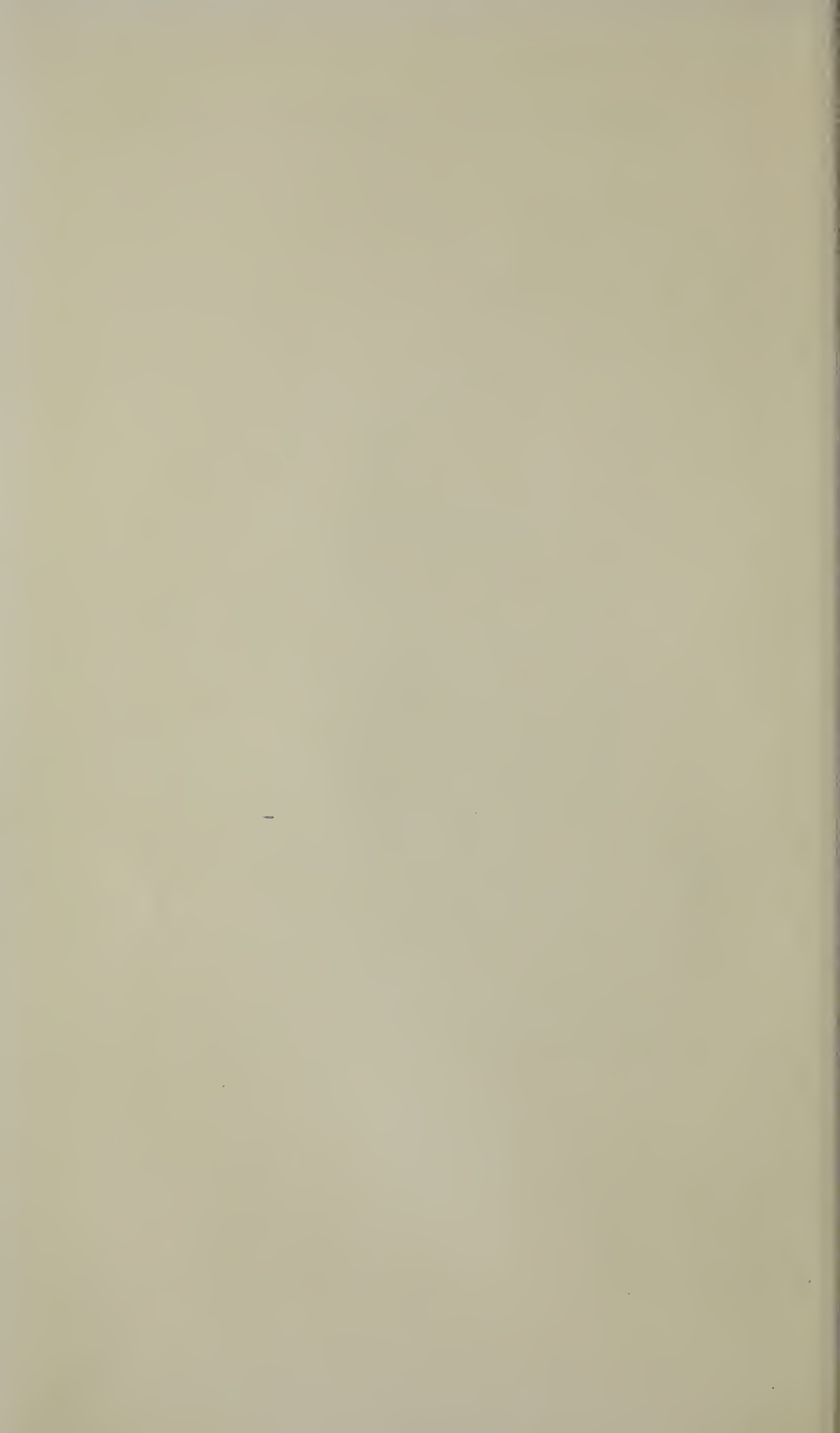
Hollister Ave., Newburg, named for Hubbard Hollister, is now changed to Pershing Ave., in honor of the great American soldier of that name.

Soon after my father went to Linn County, Missouri, in 1854, Uncle Samuel and Uncle Hubbard came out there, an eventful occasion for us children, living on that western frontier, and so unaccustomed to new faces. These were the only ones of the Cleveland relatives we had ever seen. My father bore a striking resemblance to Uncle Hubbard.

In 1825 their father, Appleton Hollister, in his sixty-fourth year, also moved from Connecticut out to Warrensville, where he died six years later. He was buried in the West Cemetery, above referred to, by the side of his son, Luther Hollister, both graves being marked by well preserved marble slabs. The third wife, Anna Carver, survived her husband, and, after her second marriage, died somewhere in Pennsylvania.



HUBBARD HOLLISTER
1824—1884



In 1817 my grandmother, Anna Hollister, then a young woman of eighteen, came out to Warrensville with Mr. and Mrs. Ansel Young. Here she and my grandfather met, and a year later were married, Esquire Daniel Warren performing the ceremony. They had five children, the second of whom, William Dudley, my father, was born January fourth, 1821.

We have seen that my grandfather sold the last of his land in Warrensville in 1832. By this time the vast country west of the Mississippi River was being thrown open, and a prospect for good and cheap land was attracting settlers from the East. It all incited in grandfather a new wanderlust, and in the early summer of 1834, he left overland for Missouri.

My grandmother and the girls rode in a dearborn coach, an unusually comfortable vehicle for the time, while grandfather and the boys, my father being in his thirteenth year, rode in a covered wagon containing such household goods as they took with them. Both vehicles were drawn by horses. The roads were mere trails, and the country sparsely settled.

After traversing most of Ohio, and all of Indiana and Illinois, they crossed the Mississippi at or near Hannibal, Missouri, and pushing on over what was then virgin prairie, halted on Black Creek at a frontier settlement called Oakdale, in Shelby County, arriving there just in time to celebrate, with their new neighbors, the fourth of July. Here grandfather set up a general merchandise store, while the boys, Martin and Dudley, worked on farms for *twenty-five cents* a day.

Letters in my possessions from members of the family to relatives in Cleveland, tell of homesickness, but upon the whole, health, happiness and satisfaction

with the country, with the one grave exception that Missouri was a slave State.

True to his nomadic habits and restless disposition, grandfather soon began to explore the country around for another location, and finally decided in favor of one on Salt River, in Monroe County, twenty miles distant, near the village of Centerville, since changed to Woodville. So, at the end of two years in Oakdale, he sold his interests in the store for \$500, and moved to Centerville. Here he reengaged in mercantile business, on a more extensive scale than hitherto, but unfortunately within a little more than twelve months the well known financial panic of that period, swept the country, and, as was the case with many others, it wrought grandfather's financial ruin, and all his property went to satisfy creditors.



CHAPTER III

THE KIRBY ANCESTRY

SOME time prior to the war of 1776, a family by the name of Kirby came from Ireland, and settled on the James River in Virginia, engaging in farming. Asa, one of the children born in Ireland, was my great grandfather on my mother's side. He grew up in Virginia, and married Elizabeth Whitesides, also a Virginian. Soon after the Revolutionary War he moved to Warren County, Kentucky, and then to Missouri, locating first in Howard, and later in Randolph County. Here, in the Silver Creek neighborhood, near Huntsville, the county seat, Asa Kirby and his wife died. One of their sons, John Whitesides Kirby, born in 1800, was my grandfather. In 1820 he married Sophronia Rigsby, daughter of James Rigsby, who emigrated from Kentucky about the same time as the Kirbys.

John Whitesides and Sophronia Rigsby Kirby, my grandfather and grandmother, had ten children, the eldest of whom, Mahulda, born March 6th, 1822, was my mother. Grandfather was a millwright, and in 1833, in my mother's eleventh year, he moved to the adjacent County of Monroe, and built a grist and saw mill on Salt River, near the village of Centerville. Three years later, as above narrated, my grandfather Abbott moved to Centerville, and opened his store.

CHAPTER IV

CHARACTERISTICS AND CUSTOMS

MONROE County, Missouri, is in the second row of counties west of the Mississippi River, and in the fourth row south of Iowa. The village of Centerville, now Woodville, is about seventy-five miles west of Hannibal, Missouri. I have described this location somewhat in detail, for the reason that it was here on this western frontier, that my father and mother, the founders of the large family referred to in my Foreword, met and were married.

Their families brought with them their national characteristics, the Abbotts, the traditions, customs and sentiments of England and the North of the United States, and the Kirbys, the traditions, customs and sentiments of Ireland and the South of the United States. And in a measure these national characteristics became individualized in their children, some inheriting the disposition of their father and some of their mother. While I was living in Evansville, Indiana, I was invited, among others, on St. Patrick's Day, to address a meeting of Irish people, in the interest of Home Rule in Ireland. In the course of my remarks I stated that I myself was half Irish. The next speaker, the Rev. Charles Morris, Rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, began his speech by saying,

“The Rev. Mr. Abbott states that he is half Irish. If he is not wholly so, he had better take in his sign.”

Over and above the union of these two families of Abbott and Kirby, in the marriage of my father and mother, there were other reasons making for understanding and friendship between them. They were engaged in the common cause of winning their living, rearing families, and improving civilization under the hardships and primitive conditions of American frontier life. It was the acid test of manhood and womanhood, and only the heroic and those imbued with the highest sense of honor, maintained their high ideals through it all.

The nearest approach to a practical community life, where goods are held in common, nearest, because it is freest from artificialities and unnatural restraints, was the pioneer life of the West. The right to own personal property was fundamental, and held sacred and inviolate, but the community conscience was so sympathetic, generous and united, that in actual practice they held a community of goods.

Weddings among these pioneers were simple but dignified affairs. No invitations were extended, but all the immediate friends attended, and were made welcome. Tables were spread from the products of garden, field and forest, and simple forms of merry-making sometimes extended over several days. My father was in his eighteenth, and my mother in her seventeenth year. There being no clergyman within calling distance, Esquire Robert Sweeney was secured for the wedding ceremony, which was celebrated on the eighth of July, 1838. My mother was often wont to tell us children that at the conclusion of the ceremony

the venerable "Squire" gave her and her young husband some wholesome directions, among other things, that they must always pull together, advice they never forgot, and which helped them over many difficulties.

Temperamentally my father and mother were utterly unlike. My father inherited his mother's characteristics. She had been born and reared under the severities of the Connecticut blue laws. True to his Puritan heritage and natural disposition, my father was a grave, quiet man, little given to speech and much to thought, promising little, but as a rule doing more than he promised. Upon the other hand, true to her Irish origin, my mother was warmhearted, emotional and fun loving, and always among the first in the homes of the sick and suffering.

Starting their married life with practically nothing but youth, health and hope, they had to wring out of the native soil, with the crudest tools and implements, a living for themselves and a rapidly growing family. But under the discipline of privations and pressing needs, temperamental differences were fused into harmony of life and purpose, out of which grew fifty-eight years of happy married life. This strenuous life told upon my father more than upon my mother. A devout Christian, universally respected, and happy and loved in his home, as he grew older he grew graver. In the last letter I received from him not long before his death, referring to the things of the world, quoting Ecclesiastes, he said, "Vanity of vanities, All is vanity."

Some one has said that while the pioneer may have often smiled, he seldom laughed. My father was not without a merry heart. I used often to see his expressive blue eyes twinkle with amusement, but he seldom

laughed aloud. Although only a little more than a year my mother's senior, he succumbed to old age twenty-five years before her death.

My father and mother lived in Monroe County two and a half years, during which time two children were born, Luther Waldon and John William. In December, 1840, they moved to Randolph County, into the neighborhood where my mother was born, and there re-engaged in farming. Here, in a little more than five years, were born three more children, Joseph Kirby, Sarah Frances and Caroline Marion.

Meantime, in order to avail themselves of cheaper lands, many were moving from Randolph County to the more recently organized County of Macon, lying immediately to the north. In February, 1846, my father joined this exodus, and located in the north-west corner of the County, four miles south-east of the village of New Boston, on what is now known as the Washington Bradley place. Before moving he had explored the region, selected his site, and erected a double log cabin for the family. During the eight years of his residence here, five more children were born, Martha Ann, Hubbard Hollister, Asa Appleton, Caleb Allen and Thomas Bradley.

Those first cabins of the pioneers, and those of my father being no exception, were exceedingly primitive structures. They were built of unhewn logs, notched together at the corners, pointed with clay, roofed with clapboards, weighted down with poles, with puncheon floors, stick chimneys, also pointed with clay, batten doors, and windows which in the winter time were covered with greased paper. Glass was not yet to be had. The unfinished attic reached by a ladder was some-

times used as a bedroom, and in the winter we would now and then awaken in the morning to find our beds blanketed with snow which had sifted through the loosely covered roof.

Sometimes the stick chimneys caught fire, and had to be put out by throwing water on the flames, trips to the roof being often necessary. As a child I used to be quite amazed at the apparent unconcern with which my elders received notice that the chimney was on fire, but I soon learned that in the fire department of the family, each grown up person was a fire chief, and knew exactly what to do, and how to do it.

Open as these cabins were, their occupants were notably healthy and robust, deaths from influenza and pneumonia being almost unknown.

In the course of time, the pioneer, were he at all progressive, improved his home, but these were the initial buildings, and many families lived in them, as did ours, several years before circumstances permitted the erection of better ones.

My father also erected on his premises a horse-power grist mill for corn only, which supplied meal for the neighborhood. To cover expenses the miller took a per cent of each grist. Mills for grinding both wheat and corn, propelled by water, soon replaced the horse-power mill, but at first they were few and far between. My father had often to go twenty-five miles or more to get his wheat ground, requiring for the round trip sometimes three or more days. Now and then he was overtaken by night on the prairie trails, and unhitching his oxen, would turn them loose, still yoked together, and after a cold supper from his lunch basket, would lie down on his sacks and sleep until

morning, with the wolves, always lurking about, howling around him. These wild creatures, while closely akin to the coyote of the Great Plains, were considerably larger, and, like their mates of the Plains, great cowards, never attacking man or the larger animals except in packs, and then only when reduced to extreme hunger. But their howling at night was weird and disturbing. The faithful oxen never strayed far away, but browsed on the rich prairie grass, and at daylight were ready to resume the journey.

These grist mills became social centers where the pioneers, while waiting for their grists, visited together, exchanged news and told yarns. Each had to take his turn in the order of his arrival, thus, in busy seasons, causing delays often extending over a whole day and night. One of the outstanding events of my life was my first visit to one of these nearby mills, on horse back, my saddle a bag of corn.

Hitherto my father had lived entirely on rented land. With a growing family and sons now old enough to help him, the time had come when he must have a permanent home on land of his own. In the location of their homes these pioneers invariably sought a forest bordering on prairie land, where they could have at hand, timber for buildings and fuel and grass for their stock. Water being essential, there must also be a stream within easy reach.

Before the prairies of Missouri were put into cultivation, and while in their native state, they were very beautiful, even grand, and the prairie grass one of the most valuable assets of the pioneer. Called Blue Stem from its color, it grew most densely, and in places as high as the head of a man sitting on horseback. It

was exceedingly nutritious. Animals grew fat upon it in summer, and could feast upon it in winter, when properly cured. It served as covering for barns and other buildings, and where timber was not to be had, the walls of houses were built of its sod. But it had its disadvantages also. It was so deeply and thickly rooted that few pioneers, in the early years, had power strong enough to break it up for cultivation.

In the autumn after the grass had been killed by frosts, and was dry, prairie fires were a source of constant danger. Such an outbreak, announcing its presence by lurid lights in the heavens, while awe-inspiring to look upon, had a terrifying effect upon the community far and wide, and taxed every possible resource to stop it, chiefly by back firing. But at times this failed, and it swept on destroying everything before it, until it burnt itself out. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, the advantages of the prairie to the pioneer farmer were inestimable.

For some time my father had been looking the vicinity over with a view to a new location, featured by the three desirable things, timber, water and prairie. He finally decided upon a tract of eighty acres, ten miles to the northwest, belonging to the Federal Government, in North Salem Township, Linn County, for which he paid about one dollar per acre. In the fall and winter of 1853 he erected here a double log cabin, similar to the one now soon to be vacated. I was three and a half years old when we left the Macon County farm, and retain but one distinct recollection, of it, that of being attacked by a ram, and rescued from an inglorious death by my own screams which drove the animal away, more frightened than I, if possible.

My father's interests in this farm had consisted simply of the improvements he had put upon it. These he sold, and early in April, 1854, with his family of ten children, moved to the new home he had purchased. Lying well within a splendid forest with an unusual variety of the best timber, facing a great prairie extending almost unbrokenly into Iowa and Minnesota, bordered by a small stream now known as Sam Branch, with a much larger one called Winigan, near by, it was an ideal location for all sorts of farming enterprises. Some years later a Star Route United States Post Office was opened in the house of a neighbor, and given the name of Sedgwick. By this designation the neighborhood has ever since been known, and is so indicated on the maps of the county and state.

There were two classes of pioneers, the progressive ones, who established permanent homes and grew up with the country, and those who preferred primitive conditions, and soon moved on to newer settlements.

While my father knew nothing of the modern science of agriculture, he was for his day an excellent and prosperous farmer. Nor did he and my mother have the assistance of all their sons and daughters that would be ordinarily given.

Among the pioneers early marriages was almost the invariable rule. The age of my parents, the one in his eighteenth, and the other in her seventeenth year, was not at all exceptional. Just when the boys and girls of the family were sufficiently grown to contribute their best usefulness to their parents, they either married or left home to make their own way in the world. I myself was only in my seventeenth year when my father gave me my freedom to earn money for school tuition. I

secured work in the neighborhood on a farm of a much larger acreage than my father was able to own, at \$12 per month, ten to twelve hours per day.

Against these handicaps my father wrought out of the farm, not only a good living for his large family, but added valuable lands to his estate, at one time owning nearly four hundred acres. At his death in 1896 he left my mother a well-improved farm of two hundred and forty acres.

My grandfather, Josiah Abbott, writing from New Boston to relatives in Cleveland in January, 1858, referring to my father, says, "Dudley lives four miles west of here on a farm of one hundred and sixty acres, all paid for. He has between forty and fifty acres in cultivation, and raised last summer thirty acres of corn. He has one yoke of oxen, two horses, two colts, five cows, besides other young cattle; twenty-nine head of sheep, about fifty hogs of all ages, sexes and sizes (grandfather had a sense humor), killed twenty hogs, sold some, and salted and smoked twenty-five hundred pounds of bacon. He only began this place four years ago last spring, and is now already fencing in more land to be put into cultivation next spring."

My father, like his father, was handy at almost any kind of work needed in pioneer farming. With the exception of the necessary iron parts he made his own wagons, plows, harrows, rakes, harness, ox yokes, and all the smaller tools needed about the place. He was a good cabinet maker, making all the bedsteads, tables and chairs used in the house, and many of the coffins for the neighbors. He was also a good shoemaker, cutting out and putting together all our foot wear, as a rule, at night after the day's work was over.

At that time grain was cut with cradles, and threshed out, sometimes with flails, but more frequently by riding horses over it in circles, an employment which we children greatly coveted. My father taught his sons selfreliance and habits of industry. At seven and eight years we were milking cows, cutting all the firewood, planting and cultivating the corn. At fourteen I was splitting rails, building fences, driving three yoke of oxen in the breaking up of new land; in fact doing a man's full work.

My mother and my sisters were equally efficient in their department. Spinning wheel and loom were essential articles of household furniture. They carded the wool, spun the yarn, and wove the linsay and jean from which they made all the garments of the family.

For summer wear each child made his or her own hat from rye straw, an exceedingly comfortable and cool headgear. For winter caps, the furs of squirrels, raccoons, opossums, and mink were much in demand, and the lad who could boast of a 'coon-skin cap, with tail hanging down his back, was the envy of the community. Skins of deer served for all sorts of clothing and many other uses.

In going to Linn County, my father moved for the last time. Here he lived forty-two years until death called him in 1896. Here, also, were born the last six children, James Leonard, George Harvey, Benjamin Franklin, Susan Mahulda and her twin brother who died the day he was born, and Martin Dudley.

Before moving, a farm of some twenty acres had been fenced, cleared and broken, and after the arrival of the family, planted in corn and vegetables, but a

long drought followed, and not a single grain of corn was raised, and only a limited supply of vegetables, not a very pleasing prospect for a family of twelve, with winter coming on. But my father and mother were too accustomed to emergencies to be daunted by the situation. Their hogs left in considerable numbers in the woods in Macon County, by the autumn were well fattened on the mast. These were rounded up, slaughtered, brought home and cured.

My father and the older boys worked at the Ratliff grist mill and tannery at New Boston, and were paid in leather, meal and flower, and favored with credit by the big hearted proprietor, Mr. James Ratliff.

We had also an abundance of game, in addition to the autumn yield of wild fruits and nuts, a supply of which my mother and the children gathered and preserved.

While my father was not a hunter, an alluring occupation which demoralized and kept many pioneers poor, he was an accurate shot, and could bring down a deer or wild turkey at any reasonable distance. The rifles of these early days were flint locks, one of which my mother, in her eleventh year, turned to an exceedingly practical use. Matches were unknown, and fires were maintained by being kept alive in the fire places from day to day. A violent and prolonged rain put out the fire in my grandfather's cabin, and at the same time so flooded the streams that the family was cut off from all their neighbors. My grandfather was away, and unable to reach home on account of the floods. The situation was somewhat desperate. My mother solved the question by building around the breech of the old flint lock a pile of tow and shavings,

and pulling the trigger, the hammer struck the flint and ignited the kindling, which was readily transferred to the fire place.

Deer, wild turkey, wild geese, and ducks, the passenger pigeon, prairie chickens, and numerous smaller birds, were so abundant that game became distasteful. At the edge of the prairie in front of our farm was a deer lick, where the deer resorted at night, often falling victims to the hunter's unerring shot.

As a lad, one evening in the autumn, from the front door of my sister Sarah's cabin, I saw a wonderful assembly of wild turkeys, the most beautiful and stately of winged creatures. They were leisurely moving out of an adjacent forest, making their way to a corn field, and as they flew, one by one, over the rail fence, I counted one hundred and six, a flock of unusual numbers. They were sometimes caught in a wholesale way, in pens built and covered with fence rails. A trench of sufficient depth and width to admit a full grown turkey was dug under the ground rail of the pen and strewn with shelled corn, and the turkey following the trail of corn soon found himself on the inside of the enclosure, and, innocent creature that he was, could never make his exit by the way he came.

The migratory birds, wild geese and ducks, in their flight northward and southward, came to the ground in search of food, in multitudes, and were easily bagged by the skillful hunter. No one who has ever heard the honking of the beautiful and graceful crane, often out of sight, ominous messenger of approaching winter, or happy herald of coming spring, can ever forget it. Prairie chickens, which existed in great

numbers, and partridges which our Yankee teacher taught us to call "quail," we trapped for the table.

As a child I remember a flight of the passenger pigeon, and that in such numbers as to darken the sky. This marvelous bird was somewhat smaller than the domestic pigeon of today, and not as handsome, with a small head, a long tail, short strong legs, and long powerful wings. Its greatest breeding places were in the forests of the Mississippi and Missouri Valleys, where it assembled in tracts sometimes miles in extent. A hundred nests in a single tree was not a rare sight to the pioneer. Although not properly a migratory bird, the food requirements of such vast numbers made it necessary for them to be much on the move. At such times they took wing in columns requiring hours to pass a given point. The passenger pigeon was doomed when the settlers began to clear the forests. They were mild and unsuspecting, never flying at night, and on their roosts particularly helpless. Here the settlers clubbed them down by the thousands: hogs were fattened upon them, and wolves, bears and vultures shared the spoils. Thus the slaughter went on until early in the second half of the century the passenger pigeon, an interesting phenomenon in bird life, became extinct.

Norman Davis, a genial and kindly man, a trapper in winter and a worker at odd jobs in summer, spent the winter of my thirteenth year at our house. In the evening he entertained us children with thrilling stories of his experiences. One snowy day upon returning from his traps he said he had seen two deer go into a patch of scrub oak near the corner of our field, and told me to take his gun, a double barrelled fowling

piece, and try my hand as a hunter. I was soon at the edge of the dense thicket, alert, with gun ready for action, when suddenly pandemonium broke loose in the dry leaves and brush. One deer had seen me, and leaped off in the opposite direction. The other, while he had not seen me, knew that something was wrong, and bounded into the open some thirty feet away, and for a moment stood looking. But "buck ague" had seized me, and the deer was beyond gun shot before I ever thought of firing.

About this time I got my first wild turkey. Snow had fallen, and with an ancient smooth bore rifle, the only gun we had at that time, I went into the woods, and finding tracks which I followed, came upon and fired into the flock without aiming at any particular bird. They all flew but one, which was left fluttering in the snow. Dropping my gun, I ran and caught it, and discovered that its neck had been broken close to the head, to me at the time an indisputable evidence of skillful marksmanship.

Later in life I went into the Ozark Mountains in Southern Missouri for my fall vacations. There I made the acquaintance of an exceedingly companionable native of these mountains, at whose house I stopped. He was a first class wing shot and a veteran turkey hunter. We went on horseback, a strenuous exercise, and a bit perilous for me, a tenderfoot, for some of the horses I rode were not trained hunters, and gave trouble when I shot from their backs. One day upon our return from a hunting trip I observed in the yard a young opossum, badly crippled and terribly lacerated, with which the children were innocently playing, entirely unconscious of

any cruelty. The young son of the family had caught and brought it home. Its helpless condition, mute appeal for mercy and futile attempts to escape, I have never forgotten. For some time revolt against killing had been growing in me. Comparatively trivial and unimportant as was this little tragedy, I suppose I needed it to finish the good work already begun. From that day I never enjoyed hunting, and soon gave it up entirely. But I have never given up my love of the woods. Now, however, I go into them for the purpose of watching and studying the wild creatures, in whose delightful company I spend, in the aggregate, many days each year.

One of the noblest organizations in the world is the American Humane Association. I joined it thirty-five years ago, and have attended its annual Conventions. The English are a fine example of kindness to their domestic animals. The English drayman does not ride but walks beside his horses. One who has ever ridden down town in London with an oldtime cabby, and talked with him about his horses will never forget it. The comradery between him and his servitors in harness is all but human. He was more than a person: he was an institution. For one I am sorry that his place has been usurped by the modern motor bus.

Upon the other hand, on the Continent, one often witnesses the most unprovoked cruelty to horses. In Florence, famed the world over for religion, art and lovers of art, one is seldom out of the sound of loud cracking of whips over the heads of horses, and the lash is now and then laid on with disgusting fury. I

found myself involuntarily crying out against such brutality, laying myself open to arrest as a noisy nuisance.

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CHAPTER V

INFLUENCES

IN the pioneer life of which I write there was extremely little to inspire in the young, ambition or desire for larger things. Upon the whole, influences were towards contentment with life as it was, and satisfaction with existing conditions. Of books we had none save the few required in the crude district schools.

I remember that the first bit of fiction which strayed into our neighborhood was the *Hoosier Schoolmaster*. This was passed around and read until it was worn out, and it so gripped our imaginations that we gave to each other the names of the characters described in it. I was Bud Means.

Our first school buildings were primitive structures, totally bare even of the simplest articles of school apparatus, no desks, and benches without backs. I was a lad in my teens before I saw a globe and an atlas, and will long remember the thrill that seized me when as a member of a class in geography, I first understood that the world was really turning over, and that the sun did not rise, but was brought into view by the daily revolutions of the earth. I had visions of not being able to keep up with a movement so rapid, with dire consequences therefrom.

Our teachers were, as a rule, men of good char-

acter, but of the most rudimentary education, and were remembered not for any constructive help they gave, but chiefly for rules and regulations enforced at the end of the rod. Women teachers were then unheard of.

From childhood I would go to the stake for any one who treated me kindly, while physical punishment aroused in me a tigerish resentment. The first school I attended was kept by a farmer of the neighborhood, who, while honest, had no more sympathy with children than a sphynx. I stood in mortal terror of him, and attended school only under the most strenuous protest. The road to the school house was a devious trail through the woods, across two streams. One morning in crossing a mudhole, a little dextrous management on my part enabled me to fall into it. Of course I was sent back home, but my mother saw through my device, and kept me employed all day in carrying broom corn to the roof of the barn to dry. It proved to be one of the longest days I ever experienced, after which the school house lost some of its forbidding aspects.

There were entertainments, natural, wholesome and promotive of good in the community, such as log rolling, house and barn raising, quilting, corn husking, at which the boy who found the first red ear had the privilege of kissing the girl of his choice, if he could catch her; also Fourth of July celebrations, the Declaration of Independence being always read. At Christmas one of the traditions among us was to roll a big back log into the fire place on Christmas Eve, the greener the better, and as long as the back log lasted, Christmas vacation would last. Amusements

such as dancing and playing cards, were condemned by many as the chief instruments of the devil.

Ordained ministers were few, and as a rule esteemed, if not for their learning, at least for their earnestness. Their salaries, had they any, consisted mainly of payments from the products of the fields of their parishioners. My father was accustomed to entertain the ministers when they came into our neighborhood, and they always brought pleasure to our fireside, although I, little dreaming that I myself would one day be a parson, was a bit afraid of and ran from them.

The Gospel, as understood and interpreted at that time, placed the emphasis on punishment for disobedience, rather than on the joy of obedience, and appealed to fear rather than to love. Ministers studied the Bible, not so much for spiritual help and instruction, as for controversy, and many battles of words were fought over what to us now are mere trivialities. Practically all the preaching and worship was calculated to stir the emotions rather than the intelligence, and no public service was considered of much value which was not featured by more or less intense excitement. Nevertheless, it was a time of positive, if not always constructive religious opinion, and the man who did not belong to some religious denomination was relegated to the lost.

The wonder is, not that so few, but that so many, young men and women rose above their environment, and reached higher planes of thought and character. This should be ascribed largely to two things. First, to these pioneers themselves, for the most part of good blood, of strong and sturdy English, Scottish and

Irish stock, manifesting itself in this, one of the severest of all tests of manhood and womanhood—pioneer life on the western frontier.

Secondly, that there gradually grew up amongst us a class of leaders, particularly educators and clergymen, some, natives of the soil, and others from the East and the South, whose influence made for progress. "You cannot keep a good man down. Whatever of talent in him, will come out in spite of environment," says one. This is only partially true; true, perhaps, in those endowed with initiative and constructive imagination, as was Abraham Lincoln. But there are few Lincolns. The vast majority of young men and women are not leaders, but followers, and for the most part good followers, if properly influenced, but needing real inspirational leadership to help them break with the deadening tendencies of the sordid, the trivial and the mediocre. When I think of how sympathetically and heartily my brothers and sisters, and many of our associates, responded to the leadership of men and women living on a higher plane of education and culture, I am filled with pride and admiration. I recall the names of two of our leaders, among many others who might be mentioned if space would permit.

Shortly after the close of the Civil War there came into our neighborhood, a school teacher from Maine, Lemuel Newcombe, a man of gentle birth and rearing, of liberal learning, good manners and fine common sense, sympathetic and fond of children and young people. He grasped the situation at once, assuming no superiority over us, settled down in the community as our neighbor, teacher, and friend. That was sixty years ago, and Lemuel Newcombe is still remembered

and loved by all who came under the influence of his fine life and character. He was the first man who opened to me a vision larger than that of North Salem Township, Linn County, Missouri.

As a young fellow I was clerking in a general merchandise store in a small railway village, trying to make my own way in the world, but as yet without any definite object in view. The wife of my employer dying, and the family being members of the Episcopal Church, the nearest clergyman was sent for to officiate at the funeral. He was the most interesting man I had ever seen, and I have seen none since, more interesting. At the committal service he asked me to cast the earth on the casket. The occasion was to me a solemn one. I was fond of my employer, and my heart went out to him and his children in their bereavement. But even more than the occasion, the officiating clergyman impressed me, so upstanding, gracious and sympathetic was he. After the service he engaged me in friendly conversation and inquired about my future.

It was the most important and dramatic occasion of my life,—turned the whole current of my thought, and culminated in my ordination to the ministry of the Episcopal Church. That clergyman was the Rev. Ethelbert Talbot, himself a fellow Missourian, the Rector of St. James Church, Macon, Missouri, now the Bishop of the diocese of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, and until recently, the Primate of the Episcopal Church in America.

College and seminary bred, he was full of zeal, a gifted speaker, and a born leader, and could have had a large city parish, but chose instead the small charge at Macon, where he established St. James

Academy for young men and women. In district school buildings and in other public places he made addresses to young men and women throughout Macon and adjacent counties, hundreds of whom afterwards rose up to call him blessed.

I desire to mention four others who have had a profound influence upon my life.

Henry Benjamin Whipple, the first Bishop of Minnesota, known as the Apostle to the Indians, who so ably pleaded their cause in Washington, and whom the Indians called "Straight Tongue," because he never lied to them,—stands out in my memory as a second St. John the Evangelist. Simple as a child, tender as a woman, loyal as a friend, great in the councils of the Church and the State, he was more than a Bishop in the American Episcopal Church,—he was an international figure—honored by Oxford and presented at the Court of Queen Victoria. The three institutions at Faribault, Minnesota, Seabury Hall for the training of young men for the ministry, St. Mary's for the education of girls, and Shattuck for the education of boys, bear testimony to his vision, to his faith, and to his constructive ability. Under this great leader of men I spent, first as a student, and later as the pastor of his Cathedral in Faribault, seven of my most formative years.

The Rev. John Steinfert Kedney, D. D., a poet as well as a writer on ethics and aesthetics, was, perhaps, the most learned theologian of his day in this country. A constant lecturer at the Concord School of Philosophy, he became a friend of Emerson and Alcott. Under his profound teaching and exalted Christian

character I received such inspiration for the exercise of my ministry, and incentive to thought, as a lifetime cannot exhaust.

The Rev. David Buell Knickerbacker, D. D., Rector of Gethsemine Church, Minneapolis, was one of the strongest, most benevolent and lovable of men. While a student at the seminary, I spent my vacations as his assistant. The dominant principle of this man's life was his missionary spirit. Later, as the Bishop of the whole state of Indiana, with unflagging zeal and patience, he yearly visited every part of his diocese. He founded what is sometimes called the Rugby of America, the Howe School for boys at Howe, Indiana.

I left the Cathedral at Faribault to become one of his clergy, and during seven years under him was deeply impressed by his simplicity of life, and his sympathetic tolerance towards all human infirmities.

Landing in New York one day in September, 1884, with my friend, Rev. Edward C. Bill, I noticed on the dock a distinguished looking young clergyman, whom Dr. Bill introduced as his friend, Rev. William Andrew Leonard, D. D. Little did I then dream that thirty years of my ministry would be spent under that man's wise and affectionate leadership as the Bishop of Ohio. Some Bishops are born; others are made. Bishop Leonard was born a Bishop, and all that the Church did for him was to invest him with authority to exercise the office.

Consecrated, a lover of men, endowed with the mind of a statesman, and blessed with an intense sense of humor, he has been able to accomplish results which

has made his diocese notable for constructive churchmanship, and harmonious Christian endeavor.

Mrs. Leonard, the Bishop's wife and comrade,—that noblest and most gracious of women,—exerted a constant influence as far-reaching as it was wise and affectionate.



CHAPTER VI

LAST DAYS

I HAVE stated elsewhere that my grandfather Abbott had five children, the second of whom, William Dudley, was my father. The others were Martin Hollister, Julia, Caroline and Sarah, all born in Warrensville, Ohio, and all went with their parents to Missouri in 1834. Julia died in her young womanhood, unmarried. Sarah never married, and lived at home with her parents. Martin Hollister married Nancy Jane Buchanan, and Caroline married Nancy Jane's brother, John. Both reared families, and both families located in Macon County about the same time as my father. One of Uncle Martin's sons, James, went with my brother Joseph Kirby into the Confederate army, and fought with him in the same company up to the battle of Franklin, Tennessee, in November, 1864, where he was killed, and is buried there among the unknown.

Following soon upon his failure in business in 1837, Grandfather Abbott moved to Huntsville, Randolph County, and undaunted man that he was, resumed work at his trades. In the spring of 1846, taking with him my grandmother and Aunt Sarah, he went back to Cleveland for a visit with relatives, but after two years or more, returned and settled in Bloomington, Macon County, and later in New Boston, in each of which villages he owned a home. In 1858 he came to live in a comfortable cabin which my father had erected for

him on his own place. A year later he passed to his reward, leaving behind him an unblemished name, a record for undeviating courage in duty, and exalted integrity of life and conduct.

Upon his death my father built an addition to his house, and brought to it my grandmother and Aunt Sarah. Here they lived twenty years, both passing away in 1879. I was nine years old when they came to live with us, and have only happy memories of both of them, gentle refined women of Puritan birth and rearing.

As to my ancestors on my mother's side we have seen that my grandfather and grandmother, John Whitesides and Sophronia Kirby, moved to the neighborhood of Centerville, Monroe County, in 1833. There grandfather died. Grandmother spent the rest of her life with her children. I remember her well. Of Scotch and Irish lineage, she was a strong and pronounced character, tenderly sympathetic, loving and understanding children. She was always saying encouraging and inspiring things to us.

Soon after the war between the States, she went overland to Texas with her son Thomas and his family, although almost seventy, walking by preference, so we were told, many miles of the way. She died in Texas. She had ten children, eight daughters and two sons, my mother Mahulda being the oldest. They all grew up, and with one exception all married and reared families. Many of their descendants are still living in Randolph, Macon and Linn Counties.

The death of grandmother and Aunt Sarah Abbott in our home in 1879 reduced the family to four, father, mother and two unmarried children. Yet the house-

hold was never small, the old home being always open to relatives and friends.

My father was of medium size and solid frame, and from youth possessed unusual strength and powers of endurance. As he approached his three-score years and ten, diabetes and an abnormal heart action developed, from which he died June 28th, 1896, in his seventy-sixth year.

He lived to witness wonderful improvements in the conveniences and comforts of living. Yet, while always solicitous for the welfare and pleasure of others, for himself he never gave up the simple life of the pioneer. As an illustration of the fondness with which he clung to primitive ways, though going for marketing many times each year to the railway, twenty miles distant, he never entered a railway coach, preferring his horses and wagon. A man of retiring habits, lover of home and family, with deeply religious convictions but without prejudice, though unknown beyond the immediate neighborhoods in which he lived, he bequeathed to his family and to posterity a noble example of industry, honest dealing, and Christian manhood.

While living in Randolph County he and my mother joined the Presbyterian Church. Soon after coming to Macon County they were united by immersion, with the Missionary Baptist denomination, to which Christian body they gave their allegiance and support for the remainder of their lives. They assisted in the organization of three Baptist congregations, one at New Boston, Macon County, a second at Pleasant Grove, Linn County, and a third at Winigan, Sullivan County.

My mother survived her husband twenty-five years and three months, and during this time I never failed

to spend at least a part of my yearly vacation with her. On the occasion of my last visit in November, 1920, her sight and hearing were nearly gone, and her mind sadly clouded. At intervals she recognized me, her grandchildren, and others about her. She was indeed at times living over again the days of her childhood, imagining herself walking with her father and holding his hand. Knowing that I would not see her again in this life I called the family to her bedside, and in a fitting prayer commended her spirit to the God who gave it. On her ninety-ninth birthday, March 6th, 1921, I composed the following prayer, which has been given to and used by many:

A PRAYER FOR OUR MOTHER

O God, make the evening of life bright to our mother. Abide with her, Lord, for it is toward evening, and the day of this fretful life is far spent. Let thy strength be made perfect in her weakness. Day is fled and gone; life too is going. Night cometh; and death cometh also. Near as is the end of the day, so too the end of life. We beseech Thee, O Lord, bless to Thy servant her closing days. Make them pure, peaceful, and sinless, and if it please Thee, painless. Into Thy hands, O Lord, we commend Thy servant. Thou didst make and Thou didst redeem her. Guard her lying down and her rising up, and when at last she shall fall asleep in Thee, and the spirit shall have fled the tired and worn body, let her wake up and be present with Thee, through Jesus Christ, our Lord.

Amen.

At the time of her death she was living with her granddaughter, Mary Grace Abbott McCollum. Here, in the neighborhood where she had lived sixty-seven years, on Sunday morning, October 2d, 1921, she closed her eyes for the last time on this world, and as quietly as a child falling asleep, the tired and worn out body gave up to God its beautiful and loving spirit. Had our mother lived five months longer she would have been one hundred years old.

My father and mother were uneducated in any scholastic sense. They attended the crude district schools in the neighborhoods in which they lived. Besides, they had scarcely outgrown their youth when they were married. But they had inquiring minds, and retentive memories, were readers of the Bible, and such other books and papers as they could secure, and were usually well informed. With a family so large they could give no one of us educational advantages beyond those afforded by the district schools, but they constantly urged upon us the importance of education.

My mother had one of the most accurate memories I ever knew, which did not fail perceptibly until she was well towards ninety. I owe much of the material used in this history to conversations with her extending over a period of twenty-five years. Her narrative of events, names and dates, have been substantiated in history, in personal letters, and legal documents which I previously or subsequently examined.

My father and mother kept open house. No stranger was ever turned away. For miles around a traveler inquiring for lodging was told that he could find accommodation at Dudley Abbott's.

To every child of the family the doors of the old home were always open. "The latch string was always out."

At the time of the death of my grandfather Abbott in 1859, at the home of his son, my father, there was not a public cemetery in our neighborhood, whereupon my father set aside a small plot of land on his own farm for this purpose, where my grandfather was buried. Here also were buried six other members of the family, my sister Susan's twin brother, who died in infancy, grandmother Anna Hollister Abbott, aunt Sarah Abbott, my brothers Caleb Allen and James Leonard, and finally my father himself.

Later a public burying ground, beautifully located within three miles of our home, known as the Price Cemetery, was opened. My sister Susan Mahulda Jones and my brother Martin Dudley were buried there, and here on Wednesday, October fifth, 1921, three days after her death, our mother was laid to rest, and at the same time my father's remains, taken from the old home cemetery, were placed by her side.

Two years later the remains of the other six were reinterred in this same cemetery, and head stones with the name placed at each grave.

On Sunday, October 26th, 1924, I visited the Price Cemetery, and in the presence of a congregation, deeply impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, I conducted a brief memorial service, and dedicated the ground.

The simple monument of rough granite above the graves of our father and mother bears this inscription:

WILLIAM DUDLEY ABBOTT, 1821-1896.

MAHULDA KIRBY ABBOTT, 1822-1921.

MARRIED JULY 8, 1838.

PIONEERS. HOME-MAKERS.

CHRISTIANS.

What words could more fittingly describe the character and lives of these two noble souls!



CHAPTER VII

THE SIXTEEN CHILDREN

LUTHER WALDON

IN my Foreword I have stated that at the time of my mother's death in October, 1921, the number of descendants, children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, great-great-grandchildren and great-great-great-grandchildren, numbered three hundred and fifty-seven. Those born since her death are not included in this record.

In 1854 Linn County had been organized only seven years, and was sparsely settled, chiefly by families originally from the Southern States. Among those who had moved to the neighborhood before the arrival of my parents were Frederick Nester and family. The children of the two families were companions and grew up together. Two of my brothers and one of my sisters married into the Nester family. The first of these marriages was that of my brother Luther Waldon to Martha Frances Nester on April 18, 1858. They rented a farm in an adjacent neighborhood. Here were born four children, one of whom died in infancy. The other three, Margaret, William Joseph, and Charles Waldon, grew up, married, and reared families. Margaret had nine children, eighteen grandchildren, and one great-grandchild, the last being the first born of the sixth

generation. William Joseph had eight children, and Charles Waldon had eleven children and five grandchildren.

Luther was little given to hunting, but did occasionally go for wild turkeys. One morning he went to the woods before daylight, and just at dawn was sitting in the top of a fallen tree calling the turkeys, when a young neighbor, also in pursuit of game, came up from behind, and hearing the call and seeing the dimly outlined form in the tree top, fired. Only one shot took effect, lodging in Luther's side. He was assisted home by the greatly distressed young man, the nearest physician sent for, and the wound pronounced not necessarily fatal. But the shot was never extracted, and in February, 1865, pneumonia set in, causing his death.

Luther married in my childhood and died in my youth, and I do not remember much about him, further than that he resembled his father, and inherited his father's characteristic dignity, modesty and reserve. The older children of our family married and left home before the younger ones were born, thus never were we all at home together at any one time.



LEON AUGUSTUS MOHR

Born in 1920 when his great-great-great-grandmother Mahulda K. Abbott was still living

JOHN WILLIAM

Living nearby were Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Childress from Kentucky with their four sons and three daughters. Uncle Tommy, as we used to call him, was a great hunter, and kept deer hounds. I remember the names of two of them, Boast and Brag, known far and wide for their keenness of scent, speed and endurance. On one occasion they disappeared for more than a day and a night, and on their return it was evident from their appearance that their chase had been a long one. It was afterwards learned that they had pursued a buck more than twenty miles as the crow flies.

The children of the two families, as nearest neighbors, became playmates, schoolmates and friends. On March 9th, 1861, my brother John William married the youngest daughter, Susan Frances Childress, four years his junior.

John William was the first of the family to hit the trail west. He engaged in farming until the spring of 1873. By this time the growing population of North Missouri had greatly increased the price of land, and my brother concluded that the Far West offered better opportunities for large families of small means. Selling his possessions he left overland, with his wife and five young children, for the Pacific Coast. At Cheyenne he sold his outfit and traveled the rest of the way by rail, stopping first in Northern California, his means being exhausted. Supporting his family by day labor, he remained in California a year, then moved to the neighborhood of Ashland, Southwestern Oregon. Here he secured land, established a permanent home, and in course of time accumulated sufficient substance to enable him and his family to live in reasonable comfort.

After forty-six years of happy married life, his wife Susan Frances was called to rest March 3rd, 1907. At the time of her death he wrote me that he had "lost a platmate, schoolmate, sweetheart and wife." In 1909 he returned for the first and only time to the old home in Missouri to see his mother, then in her eighty-eighth year.

A year later he married Mrs. Mary Brentnor, and on May 22nd, 1916, he departed this life in his seventy-sixth year.

John was endowed with unusual mental gifts. He had a passion for knowledge, and, although uneducated in any technical sense, was a well furnished man.

Of his fourteen children, ten daughters and four sons, reversing the order of his father's family, seven were born in Missouri, and seven in Oregon. Two born in Missouri died there, Theodocia Frances in her infancy and John Ralph at the age of eight. The other twelve are, William Thomas, Mary Ellen, Teresa Ann, Luther Allen, Arthur Franklin, Elizabeth Mahulda, Emma Alverda, Lena May, Fannie Childress, Lillie Rosetta, Della Grace, and Martha Edith, and, with the exception of William Thomas, who was killed by a falling tree, all are still living. With the exception of Fannie Childress, Della Grace, and Martha Edith, all had children. The total number of their children was thirty-four, and of grandchildren fifteen.

In the autumn of 1919 I made a journey to Washington, Oregon, California, Utah, Colorado, Oklahoma, and Missouri, and visited about one hundred of my kinspeople, among them seven of my brother John's sons and daughters. Each spoke endearingly of their father and mother, and of the mutual sympathy and

affection that had ruled their parental home. Two of my brother's grandchildren, one, the son of Arthur Franklin, the other the son of Mrs. Emma Alverda Edlund, were at the time students in excellent standing in the Oregon State University.



JOSEPH KIRBY

Joseph Kirby, the third son of the family, was in his nineteenth year when the War between the States broke out. It is well known that while Missouri remained in the Union its citizens were sadly divided in that great civil strife. The southern half was stronger for the Confederacy than the northern, but, being on the inside lines of regular army posts and movements, it did not suffer so much from local feuds and guerilla warfare.

Our home was situated on something of a no man's land. Immediately on our north our neighbors were for the Union, while on the south they were for the Confederacy. My father, on account of his age and his large family, was not called upon for military service on either side. He was unalterably opposed to the war, and remained loyal to the Union. Upon the other hand, the sympathies of my mother, born of and reared among southern people, together with those of all the children who were old enough to take sides, were with the South. I was but ten years old, and have only a child's recollection of it, all bitter enough, but recall that in my judgement, the greatest man of history was General Sterling Price, the organizer and leader of the Confederate forces in Missouri.

In spite of the fact that my father and mother held their peace, and engaged in no controversy about the war, we were aligned with the Southern Cause by our Union neighbors. Upon the whole, however, while those in sympathy with the South were in the minority, we were very well treated by those of opposite political opinion.

Now and then my father was requisitioned for

grain, forage and the use of horses by a local organization known as the Home Guards, composed in the main of men who had neither the manhood to stay at home in pursuit of their legitimate duties, or the courage to go to the front. Many of them were lawless, and took advantage of their authority to live upon and oppress their neighbors.

One day my brother Hubbard and I were riding the prairies in pursuit of our cattle when we met three of these men on their way to some rendezvous, each well mounted, one riding bareback. My brother had just purchased a new but inexpensive saddle, which the young man saw, and decided to appropriate, dismounting for that purpose. But the leader, an older man who seemed to know who we were, told him to leave us alone, and ordered him to remount, which he did, and the party moved off. Later, however, my brother's new saddle, made local history.

Two lawless young men on our north came armed, on a raid among our southern neighbors for the purpose of appropriating money and such other spoils as they could easily carry off. They met my brother and insisted on swapping an old saddle for his new one. Rumors of the raid soon spread, a posse was organized, which met and routed the bandits, and wounded the one riding upon my brother's saddle. Later the saddle was returned bearing sundry and colorful evidences of the fracas through which it had passed.

The character and behavior of the Home Guards of North Missouri was repeatedly reported to the Government at Washington, and many of the posts were suppressed as disturbers of the public peace.

If any one who knew the boys of our family had

been asked to name the one who would be least apt to volunteer for military service, Joseph would at once have been designated. He always did his duty, and shrank from no hard task, but his manners were diffident even to timidity. However, behind that quiet and reserved bearing were the qualities of a true and brave soldier. In the summer of 1861, in company with several other young men of the neighborhood, he enlisted and fought four years for the Southern Cause.

In 1913 I received a letter from one of his comrades in arms, C. S. Brown, of Gatesville, Texas, in regard to Joseph as a soldier, and the battles in which they together were engaged. He says, "Your brother Joseph was very quiet and sober, a good soldier and messmate. He was in Company F., Fifth Missouri Regiment, First Missouri Brigade, F. M. Cockerall Commander. Beginning with Wilson Creek, Missouri, we were at Pea Ridge, Arkansas, and in all the main battles of the State of Mississippi, including Vicksburg; the Atlantic campaign of one hundred days, and in the Tennessee Campaign under General Hood up to and including the battle of Franklin, Tennessee, in November, 1864. Our brigade went into that battle six hundred and seventy strong, and came out with two hundred and seventy. We were in forty-two battles. After Franklin I saw no more of your brother."

My brother was twice wounded, the second time at Franklin, where he was taken prisoner. This accounts for his having been lost sight of by his comrade, Mr. Brown. He was kept in prison in Louisville, Kentucky, until the close of the war in April, 1865. He reached home in May in fairly good health, his only earthly possessions, however, consisting of one poor

suit of clothes, but four years' experience as a soldier in more than forty battles, several of them the greatest of the century.

After a short period spent in recuperation, he went to work making rails for one dollar per hundred. Later he purchased land in the immediate neighborhood of our old home, and married Julia Ann Nester, daughter of Mr. Nester, our aforesaid neighbor. He added to his land until he owned one of the most valuable smaller farms in the township. On August 29th, 1886, Julia Ann, his friend before the war, and later his wife and devoted helpmeet, passed away, and on March 29th of the year following, he joined her, both esteemed and loved by all who knew them.

Joseph had nine children, five sons and four daughters. Four only survived the age of childhood, George William, Ellen Elizabeth, Dora Frances, and James Wesley. They all married. The first three had two children each. The last, Dora, had three grandchildren. Two only of these four are now living, George William, whose farm adjoins the place on which he was born, and James Wesley, a physician at Goldsbery, Macon County.

SARAH FRANCES

Sarah Frances was the first daughter of the family. In her seventeenth year she married George Nester. Her husband went into the Union army and died from illness at Benton Barracks, St. Louis, the last year of the war. She had three children, the second of whom died in infancy.

As a boy I lived with my sister during the absence of her husband in the war, and remember her with tender affection.

Schooled in care and responsibility from young girlhood, she met the duties of life with the fortitude and grace of the brave Christian soul that she was. It was I who brought her the letter announcing the death of her young husband. Shortly after that bereavement another misfortune came to her. We retired one evening with a storm brewing, and were suddenly awakened with the roaring of the wind, the creaking of flying timbers above our heads, and the falling of rain in our faces. A cyclone had lifted and carried away the roof of the log house, leaving us exposed to the elements. Husband gone, home wrecked, and the small crops badly damaged, brought no word of complaint. My father then built for her a comfortable house on his own farm, and brought her and her two children home.

The children, Martha Frances and Georgiana Caroline, grew up, and as long as their mother lived were a constant comfort to her. Martha married Timothy Burns, and had nine children and nine grandchildren, and Georgiana married James Lawrence Brady, and had nine children and twenty-four grandchildren. They live in Yuma County, N. E. Colorado,

Mr. and Mrs. Burns at Wray, and Mrs. Brady, whose husband died some years ago, at Vernon.

In the autumn of 1919 I visited them, and they met me at the station, nieces and nephews, grandnieces and grandnephews, some twenty-five strong. I never had a more royal welcome or a happier visit.

My sister Sarah's second husband was Barney Brady. He had formerly lived in our old neighborhood in Missouri. They settled on prairie land in Eastern Nebraska, near Nebraska City, at that time on the frontier. The soil was exceedingly productive, especially in corn, which was so much cheaper than wood or coal, that it was often used as fuel. Here I visited them in 1872, and worked on an adjacent farm during the summer.

As an employee of the Union Pacific, Brady witnessed the driving of the last spike which completed the first railway extending from Ocean to Ocean, and gave me a graphic account of it. The Central Pacific had been building from the Pacific coast east, while the Union Pacific had been building from Omaha west. On May 10th, 1869, they were brought together on Promontory Point north of the great Salt Lake of Utah.

In the presence of a throng of railway officials and employees, army officers, Indians and other visitors, a Massachusetts minister offered prayer, and Leland Stanford, President of the Central Pacific, with a silver maul, connected with the telegraph wires in order that the blows might be heard throughout the Nation, drove in the last spike of pure California gold, and a highway of iron stretched across the Continent.

Of Sarah's second marriage there were five children. The firstborn died in infancy. The other four,

Thomas Hugh, John David, Edward Waldon, and Andrew Jackson, grew up and married, the combined number of their children being sixteen. After the death of Sarah's second husband she lived with her children, and died at the home of her daughter, Mrs Brady, June 16th, 1911.

When I visited her in her little house on the prairies of Nebraska in 1872, she had grown perceptibly older, but had the same calm and hopeful spirit. Her daughter, in writing me about her mother's last days, said she thought of death only as going home to rest. Dear patient soul! She died in the odour of sanctity, and entered into the rest of the righteous.



CAROLINE MARION

Macon County was organized in 1847, and has always been known for the high character and prominence of its citizens. Among these were the Ratliffs. The founder of the Macon County family of that name was James Ratliff, familiarly known as Uncle Jimmy—a man large of stature, large of brain, and large of heart, and a pioneer preacher of the Old School Baptist denomination. He lived at New Boston, and owned one of the first water power grist mills and tanneries in the County.

In her seventeenth year my sister Caroline married Thomas Ratliff, the youngest son of James Ratliff. They made their home in Macon County near the present village of Goldsbery, where they spent their entire married life. Nine children were born, Stephen Price, John William, Mary Ann, Martha Mahulda, Hubbard Hollister, James Ira, Alzada, Thomas Elza, and Narsetta Frances.

Alzada and Thomas Elza died in childhood. The others grew up, married and had children, of which the total number was twenty-eight, and of their grandchildren twenty-one.

True to the characteristics of the two families from which these children descended, they are known for high integrity, industry, and frugality. Taught at home, both by precept and example, the dignity of common labor, together with the importance of living within their means, they are all prosperous.

Caroline's husband died in 1910. Later she sold the farm, but continued to reside in the same neighborhood, dying at the home of her daughter, Mrs.

Frances Wakely, on March 27th, 1925, in her eightieth year.

Five months before her death, I spent a happy day with her, and while she was still quite active, with faculties little impaired, I felt that the final call would not be long delayed. She was a devout member of the Old School Baptist Church. Gentle in voice and character, sympathetic and lovable, no one in the entire community was more revered.



MARTHA ANN

On March 10th, 1867, in her twenty-first year, Martha Ann Abbott married William Pressley Fulton, a member of another large pioneer family in our neighborhood. Major Fulton, as he was known, was one of the young men who went into the Confederate army with my brother Joseph, in 1861, and fought four years for the Southern Confederacy. Following their marriage they secured one hundred and sixty acres of virgin prairie land in Southern Nebraska, near the village of Edgar, and built for themselves a sod house. Here, on these far flung plains, isolated as they were, they spent eight happy years, and Martha speaks yet in terms of praise of her house of prairie sod, the protection it afforded alike against the heat of summer, and the cold of winter.

Their last place of residence was at Rouena, a mining village in the mountains of Colorado, near Longmont. Here Major Fulton died in July, 1916. An assayest of ability he was much consulted on the quality and value of ores.

After her husband's death Martha lived with her brother, Dr. Hubbard Hollister Abbott, at Del Norte, Colorado, until his death. I saw her there in the autumn of 1919, the first time for more than forty years. She had grown into a striking likeness of our mother. Later she spent a year or more with her brother George Harvey Abbott at Longmont, Colorado. Well and strong, she is now living with her niece, Mrs. Brady, at Vernon, Colorado. Martha had no children.

HUBBARD HOLLISTER

Hubbard Hollister was named for our Grandmother Abbott's half brother, Hubbard Hollister, of Cleveland. He was a year and eight months my senior, and my special playmate at home. In his youth he sustained a broken leg which maimed him slightly for life. We were playing in a wagon box resting on a rail fence when the box turned over with the above result. He was also my companion and counsellor in our mutual efforts to obtain an education. He attended the district schools, studied at a small college at Kirksville, Missouri, out of which grew the great State Normal School of that city, and prepared for medicine at the Eclectic Medical Institute at Cincinnati and the American Medical College at St. Louis. He worked his own way through these Institutions, spending his vacations in such employments as he could secure. He began the practice of medicine at the rural village of Mercyville, Macon County, Missouri, in 1875. In February, 1883, he married Mrs. Laura Gates Gilbreath, the daughter of one of the old families of the County. In 1900 he gave up the practice of medicine, and with his neighbor and friend, Mr. J. C. Gilbreath, moved to Monte Vista, Colorado, and engaged in banking. Ten years later he sold his interest in the bank, and for six years kept a retail drug store.

His wife passed away in September, 1914, after five years of invalidism. His devoted care of her during these years and the failure of investments in land, had by this time largely reduced his means, and he accepted the appointment, on a small salary, as keeper of the United States land office at Del Norte.

Here, in the autumn of 1919, I visited him. He

was then in his seventy-first year, and still the cheerful, hospitable and affectionate brother, and the unassuming Christian gentleman. After a somewhat prolonged illness he was called to his reward at the home of his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbreath, in Monte Vista, December 20th, 1920, and buried in the local cemetery. The town paper said of him, "His life-story is one of honesty and loyalty, and those who knew him best, loved him best." He left no children.

In business Hubbard made for himself an enviable reputation for straight dealing. He was by natural gifts and education, a family physician of the old school, and his memory is held in affectionate esteem in hundreds of homes throughout the borders of Macon County, Missouri, where he practiced medicine for a quarter of a century.



ASA APPLETON

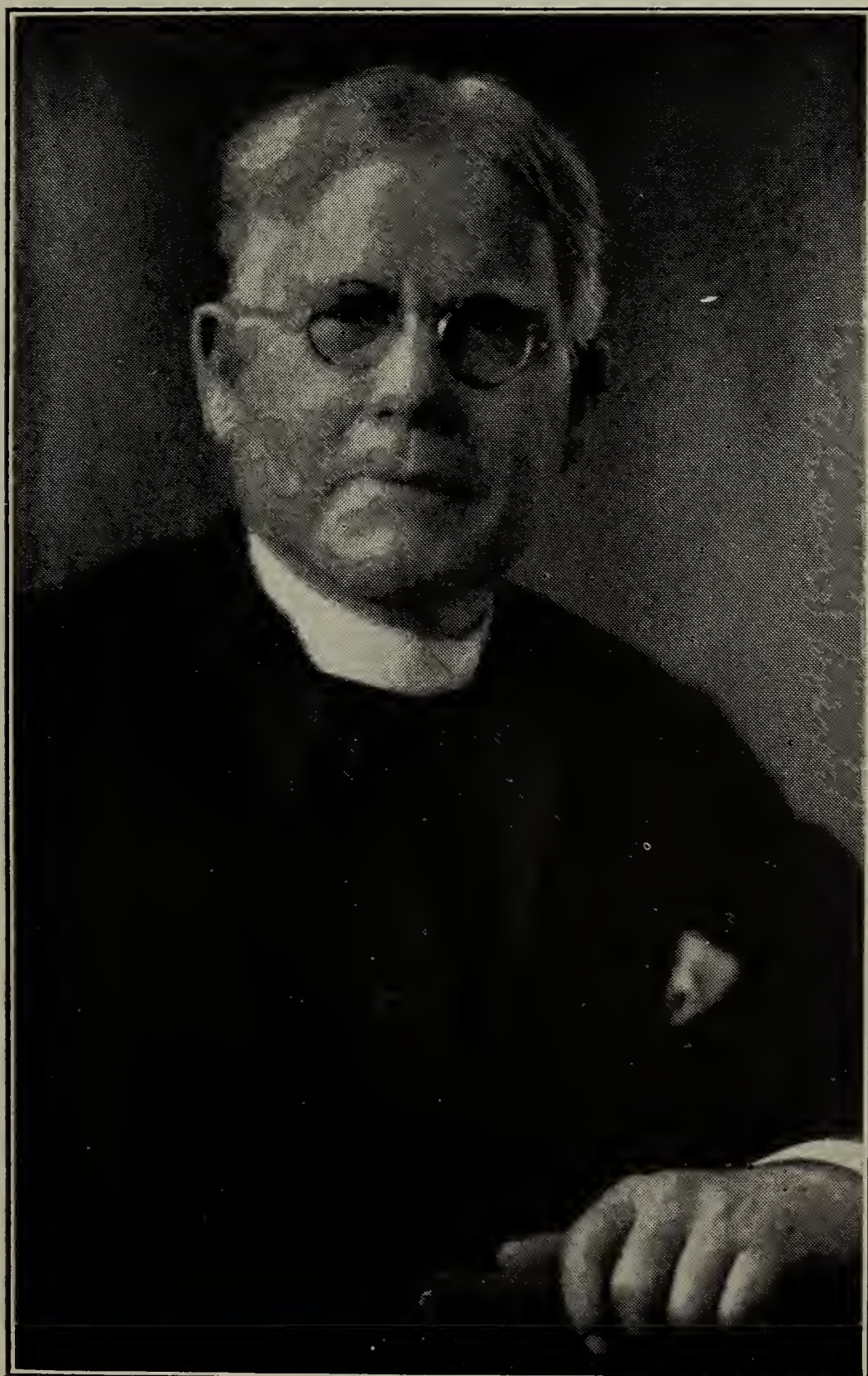
Asa Appleton, the eighth child and the writer of this chronicle, was in his seventeenth year, when his father gave him his freedom to earn money for school tuition. He attended the district schools of Linn and Macon Counties, and the College at Kirksville, previously mentioned, in the meantime teaching four terms in the public schools.

After five years in business he became a candidate for holy orders in the Protestant Episcopal Church, and studied and taught for three years in St. James Academy, Macon, Missouri, under the Rev. Ethelbert Talbot.

Here, in St. James Church, on December fifth, 1879, he was ordained to the diaconate by Bishop Robertson of Missouri, and in the spring of 1881, he entered Seabury Theological Seminary at Faribault, Minnesota, to complete his studies, graduating in the class of 1884.

In his Foreword the writer states that of the three hundred and fifty-seven members of the family no one of them, with the exception of himself, ever lived east of the Mississippi River. Nor did he himself expect to be an exception. Upon his graduation in 1884 he shipped his personal effects and books back to Missouri. Work had been assigned him in the southwestern part of the State, of which he was to have assumed charge in September. It was his intention, after a period of service in Missouri, to become a missionary to the Indians.

One of his classmates, Sherman Coolidge, large of stature, merry hearted, and much admired, was an Arapaho Indian. Charles Smith Cook, his especial chum and friend, handsome, versatile and manly, was



ASA APPLETON ABBOTT
Writer of this Chronicle

born of a Sioux mother. Both of these men were college graduates, and persons of commanding influence in the student body, and it was through them that the writer was led to think of devoting his ministry to their people in the West. The circumstances that led him back to Faribault, Minnesota, and from there east of the Father of Waters, for his life work, he neither foresaw nor invited.

During the summer following his graduation, Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, requested from Bishop Robertson of Missouri, the writer's transfer to Minnesota. On September 28th, 1884, in St. Stephen's Church, Terre Haute, Indiana, he was advanced to the priesthood by Bishop Knickerbacker, of Indiana, and on October first became pastor of the Cathedral of Our Merciful Saviour, at Faribault, Minnesota.

After three years at Faribault he held three other rectorships. He was for two years at St. James Church, Vincennes, Indiana, more than five years at Holy Innocents, Evansville, Indiana, and four years at Christ Church, Warren, Ohio. Effective from January first, 1899, he was appointed by Bishop Leonard of Ohio, Archdeacon of that diocese, in which office he served twenty-one years.

Upon his resignation December 31st, 1920, he was made Senior Canon of Trinity Cathedral, Cleveland. He still continues his connection with the Cathedral, and the diocese of Ohio.

On May 8th, 1889, in St. James Church, Vincennes, Indiana, he married Ada Downman Butler, daughter of Dr. Vincent and Matilda Berry Butler, of Shepherdstown, West Virginia. Mrs. Abbott died April 29th, 1918.

Her parents were descended from a long line of Virginians. Her father was a graduate in medicine and Captain of a company in the Stonewall Brigade.

Mrs. Abbott was educated under private tutors, and in the private schools of her native State, and of Virginia. In her young womanhood she became a teacher, and at the time of her marriage was a member of the faculty of the University at Vincennes, Indiana. Endowed with unusual gifts of mind and heart, graceful in person and gracious in manner, she was devotedly loved by her friends.

On May 17th, 1921, in St. John's Church, Salem, New Jersey, Asa Appleton Abbott married Isabel Annie Kedney, daughter of Rev. John Steinfort Kedney, D. D., professor at Seabury Divinity School, Fairbault, Minnesota. He has no children. He and Mrs. Abbott spend their summers in their cottage at Rosscraggon, Skyland, in the mountains of Western North Carolina. Here, in his own home, in that small community, the writer holds service each Sunday, the nearest parish church being several miles distant.



CALEB ALLEN

Caleb Allen Abbott was born March 8th, 1852. With the exception of the babe who died in infancy, he was the only one of the children who did not attain to his majority. Ordinarily sound of health, of fine physique, and of excellent habits, he was a young man above the average. He died from typhoid fever in his nineteenth year.

A faithful member of the Missionary Baptist Church, he bequeathed to his family no memory that cannot be fondly cherished.



THOMAS BRADLEY

Thomas Bradley, the tenth child, was only a month old when the family moved to Linn County. After availing himself of such educational advantages as the district schools afforded, he took pedagogical training at the Kirksville State Normal College, and enjoys the distinction of having taught forty-one terms in the district schools, thirty-three in Missouri, and eight in Oklahoma. During this period, covering thirty-seven years, he also carried on farming, assisted by his sons. Fond of and understanding children, and gifted with the grace of humor, he commanded the affection and obedience of his pupils.

On March 24th, 1878, he married Malissa Easley, whose family were among the pioneers of Macon County. There were eight children, Lura Viola, Ella Frances, Leonard Lee, Hattie Dell, Henry Carl, Earl Clyde, Guy Nova, and Ray Irwin. With the exception of Henry Carl, who died at thirteen, they all grew up and married. The total number of their children was twelve, of their grandchildren three.

In the autumn of 1906 my brother moved to Oklahoma, to the neighborhood of Binger, in Caddo County, where he continued teaching and farming. Later he gave up these pursuits, and moved into Binger, where he has charge of cotton shipments.

He and his family were among those whom I visited in the autumn of 1919, and it was a distinct pleasure to note that here in Oklahoma, as in the old home community in Missouri from which they had come, they were standing for the highest and best things in private and public life, and were esteemed as citizens and Christians.

JAMES LEONARD

James Leonard, the eleventh child and the first born in Linn County, developed into a young fellow of unusual promise, but he died in his twenty-ninth year. He attended the Kirksville Normal College, and upon his graduation became principal of the public schools at New Cambria, Macon County, Missouri. Here he was stricken with pneumonia, which left him with weakened lungs.

His physicians advising a higher altitude, he went to Longmont, Colorado, engaging in the dairy business. But the trouble was too far advanced, and he succumbed June 16th, 1885. A year prior to his death his younger brother, George Harvey, went to Longmont, and was with him when he passed away, bringing his body back to Missouri, where it was interred in the family cementery at the old home.

James Leonard was endowed with mental faculties far above the average, and with the rare gift of winning friends. High minded, modest, deeply in earnest, he impressed every one with his high sense of manhood. Not only at home but in Longmont where he died, he is still remembered with unalloyed affection.



GEORGE HARVEY

George Harvey, the twelfth child, was born November 7th, 1858. In 1884 he went to Longmont, Colorado, to be with his brother Leonard, and tenderly cared for him in his last illness.

On February 20th, 1889, he married Ada Belle Pennock, of Longmont, whose parents were among the original citizens of the place.

Here on their well improved farm in the suburbs of the city they have continued to dwell. Industrious and frugal, good neighbors and good citizens, they have prospered, and reared a family of excellent children. Known far and wide for their hospitality, their home has been a house of refuge for young men seeking their fortunes in the west, one of whom said of George, "He is the best man I have ever known."

Their children, Ada Henrietta, Harvey Andrew, Clyde LeRoy, Russell Chandler, Willard Horace, and Ruth Marie, are all married. The total number of births from these six marriages is eleven.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

In naming their children my father and mother exercised both good taste and common-sense, neither overworking the Bible or the names of historical celebrities. For reasons which family traditions have not made known, the great Benjamin Franklin appealed to them, and his name given to the thirteenth child, born January 30th, 1860.

In March, 1883, my brother Benjamin Franklin married Elmyra West Seavy, whose family had come into our neighborhood from Maine soon after the Civil War, and were among our most esteemed friends. In the autumn of 1885, they moved to Longmont, Colorado. Following a prolonged illness, Elmyra died in 1902. Their only child died in infancy.

Later Benjamin moved to Utah, engaging in farming and mining. On April 5th, 1905, he married Mary Ellen Farr, and is now living in Salt Lake City, Utah, being in the service of the street railway. Their children are named Anna Mahulda, Franklin Farr, and Ednall Almyra. The last is the youngest of my mother's seventy-three grandchildren, and was born March 16th, 1916, in her grandmother's ninety-fourth year.

I visited Frank, as we called him at home, in the autumn of 1919. He and his young son were at the station to meet me. For a moment neither recognized the other, but our Abbott faces could not long be mistaken, and we grasped hands for the first time in thirty-five years.

I spent two most happy days with him and his bright and interesting family. He was not well at the time, but insisted in showing me about this wonderful western city. On Sunday evening, accompanied by

Mrs. Abbott and the older children, I attended a service in the Mormon Tabernacle, one of the most unique buildings of the West, 250 feet long, 150 feet wide, 80 feet high, without any supporting pillars, with a total seating capacity of 7,000. The service, partly choral, was led by the organ, one of the famous instruments of the country, and a choir of six hundred voices.

My brother and his wife are giving their children every possible educational advantage.





EDNALL ALMIRA ABBOTT
Youngest grandchild of Dudley and
Mahulda Abbott

SUSAN MAHULDA

Susan Mahulda, the fourteenth child and the fourth daughter, was born February 2nd, 1862. Her twin brother, the fifteenth child, died at birth. Devoted to her parents, merry hearted, affectionate and devout, she was a joy to home and community. She married Ephraim Jones, one of our neighbors, and lived near her family until her death in December, 1890. Her children are Elmer Franklin, Alva Ernest, Edna Browning, and Bertha May.

Soon after their mother's death, their father, taking with him the three eldest children, moved to Gales Creek, Oregon. Here he died. The sons are still unmarried. Edna Browning married Charles LeRoy Smith. They have four children, and live at Oakdale, California. Bertha May, whom, upon her mother's death, my brother Frank took into his home, married John Ellis, of Greenfield, Iowa. They have three children.

I have seen two only of my sister Susan's children since her death. One evening in the fall of 1919 on the train from Portland to The Dalles, Oregon, a young man crossed the aisle and asked me if my name were not Abbott. He was my sister's second son Alva. We had two delightful days together at the home of my grand niece, Flora Whistenand Yaugher, the grandmother of Leon Augustus Mohr, the first born of the *sixth* generation.

Two weeks later, while sitting in the office of a hotel in San Francisco, a bell boy called my name. My niece, Mrs. Edna Browning Smith, was on the telephone at her home at Oakdale in the San Joaquin Valley, a hundred miles away. I had not seen her

since her childhood. She said, "If you are not coming to see me, I am coming to see you." By the next afternoon I was with her and her family in their home, and the night was far spent when we retired. It was necessary for me to leave next day. They were just developing a new farm, and were doing well. Here, in my nephew's field, I saw for the first time the Jack-rabbit in full action, exceeding my wildest imagination as to speed.



MARTIN DUDLEY

Martin Dudley, named both for his father and his Uncle Martin Abbott, was the sixteenth child, and the twelfth son, born March 6th, 1864, on the day his mother was forty-two years of age. With the exception of a brief residence in Longmont, Colorado, soon after his marriage, he lived all his life on the old homestead in Linn County, Missouri. He was in partnership with his father on the farm during the last years of the latter's life, and cared for his mother until his own death in February, 1916.

On October 31st, 1884, he married Martha Price, the daughter of a family in our neighborhood, from Marietta, Ohio, and soon took a place among our most valuable citizens. Martha Price died August 3rd, 1906.

Ancient artists realizing that character cannot be *painted*, adopted light as the most expressive symbol of character. Hence they have pictured the heads of the Christ and the the Saints in a circle of light. If character cannot be portrayed with brush and paint in the hands of an artist, much less can it be described by any words of mine. In paying to my brother's wife this humble tribute, I am thinking only in terms of sainthood. As a bride she entered the old home in which our venerable father and mother lived, and to which I made an annual visit. Here her seven children were born, and here she presided twenty years, leaving behind her no memory that we would change. As a wife, mother and daughter, her devotion was always thoughtful, always sympathetic, and always affectionate. May light perpetual shine upon her.

Their children, Elwood Hollister, Mary Grace,

Nellie May, Emmett Price, Harold Hubbard, Ralph Appleton, and Ruby Opal, all grew up and married, and at the time of my mother's death in October, 1921, the number of their children was nine.

In October, 1907, Martin married Margaret Bailey, a playmate, schoolmate, and friend. Her care of our mother and the children of the family was devoted and affectionate. She died from heart failure in February, 1913, leaving no children. Martin's third wife was Lydia Scott, whose only child died in infancy.

On February 12th, 1916, my brother died from a most distressing accident, the falling of a hay derrick, which killed him instantly. The last years of his life were full of financial anxieties. Profits on farming had decreased, while family expenses had increased. There were several short crops. He generously signed notes for others which he had to make good, thus so involving the estate that after his death the old homestead passed out of the hands of the family.

Genial and kindly, Martin was known throughout the county as one of its most public spirited and useful citizens. and his untimely death brought expressions of condolence and esteem from every quarter of the community.

After Martin's death, our mother was provided for, in comfort, by her children and grandchildren.

A FINAL WORD

To those now living of these six generations, and to their descendants, yet unborn, who shall read this history, such a record of integrity of character, honesty of dealing, and usefulness in community life, constitutes a legacy of inestimable value and a challenge to us to emulate all that was finest and best in these lives.

Let each of us recognize the individual responsibility bequeathed to us by this heritage, and aided by Divine Grace, resolve to keep the future as self-respecting and pure.



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